

# The Saturday Evening Post.

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FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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To \* \* \*

When the darts of fall ire and the shafts of resentment

Are hurled with a fury implacable sore,

The spirit's mind cannot bear with contentment,

Although it is conscious it merited more.

But who can describe the pang all-deceiving

Of the bosom so sacred, so faithfully proved,

That denied the last solace, the bliss of enjoying

The company best of the object it lov'd!

Dear girl, will you say wherein I've offended,

Or friendship's affectionate duties forsworn?

Have I ever the voice of affection commended?

If candour but answer, 'twill say I have not.

Why then wilt thou longer distress me with scolding,

With indignant denials and merciless frowns?

Wilt thou blight the young blossom of love's spring morning,

And all its fond wishes in spathy drown?

Oh! stay the dread wrath that so hastily moves thee,

And fill all my bosom with sorrow and pain;

Restore to me this heart that still loves thee,

And anxiously wait thine affection again.

Dec. 18th, 1823. CARLOS.

THE MORALIST.

ON TIME.

Where is yesterday? It is gone forever!

Where is to-day? Its moments are on the wing!

Where is to-morrow? "In another world!"

To numbers this is certain; the reverse

Is sure to none! YOUNG.

On what then are our hopes built? On time or eternity? On earth or heaven? Is the creature or the creator our chief good?

Is the uncertain stream or the boundless ocean, our source of supply? These are momentous inquiries. May we lay them to heart! May reflection feed upon them! May grace improve them!

Of what infinite value is time! It is the space given for repentance, or to fill up the measure of our iniquities; it is the prelude, the forerunner of heaven or hell; and yet, how short, how uncertain is duration!

"Slow like the diu's tardy moving shade,"

Day after day slides from us unperceiv'd.

The coming fugitive is swift as stealth;

Too subtle is the movement to be seen;

Yet soon the hour is up and we are gone!"

YOUNG.

How small a part of time elapsed has been given to our God! how much to vanity and folly! The world has claimed its portion, and we have acceded to its demand. Business has required its allotment, and we have granted its request—

Our wearied bodies have asked for their share; and hours have been allotted to sleep which might have been more profitably employed in praise and prayer. Sinful diversions, in our unconverted state, have stolen from us, day after day, and midnight has not ended our thoughtless revels—

These, and nameless other objects, have, at one period or other, engrossed our attention, our affection, our esteem, but how small a portion have we reserved for reflection, for prayer, for soul concerns!

Well may we adore the clemency of God, and with the prophet exclaim, "It is of the Lord's mercies we are not consumed; and because his compassions fail not: blessed be his holy name, they are new every morning! But what are our thoughts, our views, our dispositions? Have we profited by experience; and can we say, the time past of our life has sufficed us to have wrought the will of the Gentiles; to have served divers lusts and passions! Are we now obeying from the heart, the Divine injunction, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate; and touch not the unclean thing?" Are our thoughts, our desires, our pursuits, such as become those who are called to glory and virtue; such as are suited to the dignity of the followers of Christ, and heirs of the kingdom? Can we throw down the gauntlet, like our Divine Saviour, and say, "Which of you convinceth me of sin? Alas, we cannot; our experience tells us that in many things, we offend; that in all we come short of that glory, in which it is our privilege, and should be our ambition, at all times to shine. How circumscribed are our views of God, of his word, and of ourselves! How much dross is still mixed with the fine gold of the kingdom! How often does a deceitful heart betray itself, and tell us we have not yet attained, neither are already perfect!

What reflections should these convictions produce? May they not briefly be these:—A new period of time is begun: another year (perhaps my last) is commenced. Lord let me be devoted to thee! let our hearts, our lives, our all be thine! We desire to love thee! Make us ashamed that we are still so cold; make us glow with divine ardour; calm us as the purchase of thy blood, as the conquest of thy love; and henceforth

"Be thou our all, Our theme, our inspiration, and our crown, Our strength in age, our rise in low estate: Our soul's ambition, pleasure, wealth; our world, Our light in darkness, and our life in death.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a story somewhere in fabulous history,

about a quarrel that took place between a couple

of travellers, concerning the colour of the camelion;

one asserted it was green, and the other was

equally positive that it was blue: a third person

presented himself and told them they were both in error,

for it was neither green nor blue, but incon-

vertibly black, as he had the animal then with him

in a small box, he had no doubt but his assertion

could readily be proved by a demonstration

—so he opens his box, and they all saw it was

white—at once convincing them of the folly of

their previous contention. Now it seems to me

that many of the controversies among men, are

upon no better foundation than that which is re-

presented to have taken place about the colour of

the camelion. Truth is certain: but man's apprehension

of truth is liable to uncertainty; his capacity

of vision and of understanding is various; and though the divine voice is always pure and

incomprehensible, and the information thereby communicated

is always certain and infallible, yet it is not every one who professes to be under its

government, that is so on all occasions. It is quite possible

for a person to think he has it in his conclusions, when they result from nothing higher

than his own fallible senses and fallible rationality; and also quite possible he may pretend to have

the Divine unction, when he knows he has not; man is composed of the animal nature, the rational

understanding, and the immortal soul.—The Divine Intelligence operates on the soul and through

that to the rational understanding, bringing the animal man into obedience to the divine govern-

ment. Now, man with all his superiority over the inferior orders of creation, the nobility of the

structure of his frame, and the vast power of his intellectual capacities, is the mere creature of

error, independent of heavenly instruction; and whenever, or upon whatever occasion, he under-

takes to act in concerns that are spiritual, without the influence of that wisdom which comes im-

mediately from the Fountain of Light, he gropes in a labyrinth of darkness; and let his pretensions be

as sanctified as they may, he is not within the holy inclosure of incorruptible truth, nor an inhabitant

of that "city whose walls are salvation and whose gates are praise." Hence it is evident, that all those controversies which result from the unsan-

ctified will and imperfect wisdom of man, and all those hypothesis, which are supported by any

means whatever that are inconsistent with the plain doctrines of the gospel of peace and salva-

tion from all darkness, error and violence, are no part of the works of the new covenant dispensa-

tion; nor, whatever may be the ostensible object, can they promote the coming of that kingdom in the heart of man, for which we are taught devot-

ly to pray.

The perfection of religion consists in an entire obedience to the divine government. Few have

arrived at it—many are progressing. The camelion may change its colour, or rather may appear to do so; but religion is the same in all ages substantially—whatever different colouring may have

been put upon it by the imperfect vision of man. Its most important requisitions are uncontroverted by all who are devoted to its influence, and in fact by many that are not so.

LUCAS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I trust of since long past, which the twi-

light of uncertainty had already thrown its shadows, and the night of forgetfulness was about to descend forever.—KRICKEBOCKER.

Among the pleasures which a leisure hour affords, there are few greater than that of looking back upon the days that have been. Whether it be the fond remembrance of our early and innocent amusements, or the more distant annals of a later age. To look back upon the toils and troubles of a generation that has long since descended to the grave, and to bring before us the whims and oddities of those whose names only are remembered.

In researches of this kind I oftentimes amuse myself, and find that in any individual a little enquiry will elicit much: accident has at different times thrown many in my way, whose lives had not only been greatly lengthened, but been marked by much of interest and anecdote. Now then, I meet with one whose early days were passed in my own neighbourhood, and the local changes which have occurred in a few years appear incredible.

But I have also met with many whose remembrance can carry them so far back as to make the very city in which I reside appear the offspring of almost a day. Some of these anecdotes and reminiscences I propose to furnish for the amusement of the inquisitive, and trust they will be found amusing. I do not hold myself responsible for their correctness for I relate them just as they were given to me.

It was but a few evenings since that I came across an old but healthy worthy of the last century, and after having conversed with him some time, he related to me the following anecdote. In his younger days he was fond of rambling, and though it never gained him much of worldly wealth, yet it gained him much of worldly knowledge. In 1777, having resided many years in the island of Santa Cruz, he took his passage in the Schooner Liberty, to the United States. On the voyage he was appointed a lieutenant of marines, and when arrived off the Cape of Delaware, they found it not only blocked by the Roebuck, British man of war, but discovered that they were pursued by her—

The Roebuck soon came up with them, and the Liberty, after having exchanged several broadsides of small arms, ran aground in Harriet inlet, a few miles inside the capes. In this situation they were still firing, when the Roebuck came so near as to allow her commander to be distinctly heard to say "D—n it, give her a shot between wind and water."

As the Schooner thus lay beating on the bar, our hero saw a sailor take a match from the companion way of the Roebuck, and before he could apply it to the gun, a tremendous wave threw the Liberty completely over the bar, and she sailed up the inlet and escaped. In a moment after, the shot struck the very spot from which they had so narrowly escaped. It was a 42 pounder and would have gone completely through her! She discharged her cargo and part of her crew, and among them my informant, who proceeded on to Philadelphia. In a few weeks the Roebuck came up to the city also, and our hero concluded he would go on board and examine her. At this time he had in his pocket a certificate of citizenship from the king of Denmark, obtained while residing in the island of Santa Cruz, a paper that protected him fully from impressment.

He passed the centinels unmolested, and on getting on board, observed an officer walking on her quarter deck, apparently an officer commanding, he stepped up and asked him, "Sir do you command this vessel?" "I do," was the pithy answer. "I have a curiosity to inspect her," again enquired our hero—"is it any offence?" "None at all, sir," was the reply of the Briton. Permission being thus granted, he proceeded to inspect the Roebuck. He went below and examined all that was worthy of attention. She was a three decker. On these decks was a large in complete operation, military implements of all kinds were making by candle light and at noonday; on coming upon deck he went up to the cannon that had been fired at the Liberty, with an intention to sink her. It was an enormous piece. Turning to the British captain, "Sir,"

says he, "do you remember fighting the Schooner Liberty some weeks ago?" "I do," again replied the commander of the Roebuck. "I was on board of her at the time, and was a lieutenant of marines," returned the American. "Ah!" replied the British officer, "was it you that stood at the head of your men upon the forecastle?" "It was," answered our hero, "Well," replied the Englishman, "you're a d—d bold fellow."

The captain of the Roebuck then took him into his own cabin, in which was a circular table six feet in diameter, covered with piles of Spanish Dollars, ten in a pile. He then pointed to several bags of the same precious metal, and turning to his guest enquired, "Have you any thing like this in your country?" "Not much," was the reply—a bowl of punch was next produced, and after having pledged each other, our hero bade his host adieu, with an invitation to call and see the Roebuck whenever he came that way. Dec. 23, 1823.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TO REBECCA.

FAIR LADY—I regret that a few harmless verses, addressed to a faithless female, should have a tendency to make you believe that I consider all of your sex perfidious and unfaithful. You allow that for a score of inconstant youths, there may be found one false female. Even this I consider too large a proportion; for I am willing to suppose that there are fifty false males, for every inconstant lady. You will do me the justice to believe that I intended no libel on your sex. The attempt would be as vain, as it would be unmanly. But, Rebecca, I am inclined to think that you have broken many a lover's heart. The defence of your sex so promptly undertaken, seems to prove that your conscience was touched: Perhaps you are one, strong in all that makes woman powerful; possessing beauty and gifted with wit, but owning a variable and flinty heart. If I have guessed aright, cease to rail at our inconstancy. Reform your own conduct. Restore to your smiles any swain who now may be languishing for them. Beam on him those bright eyes which heaven bestowed on you, not for the purpose of destroying, but to bless. Do this and when an allusion is made to woman's cruelty or inconstancy, you can pass it by, as a thing which concerns you not.

FRANCIS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Whatever occurs in the course of our observation and experience, affords to us either an agreeable or disagreeable sensation. If we avoid what is unpleasant, and use our best endeavours to multiply those events which are congenial to our feelings, we walk near the path of our duty, and most likely shall find all the enjoyments we stand in need of. We then feel that elevation of mind which places us out of the reach of contingencies, and the influence of those trifles that would otherwise interfere with our peace.

Every body is pleased with the approach of that which is congenial: but anticipation is sometimes our only enjoyment. We see things at a distance, we expect their arrival, and are glad; but often "like the baseless fabric of a vision," they disappear and leave no trace behind.

Life is not lived again; and whether good or ill abounds, time passes on. Let us then as heaven prescribes, avoid the whole that is evil, and thankfully accept the varied good which Providence dispenses.

L.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

REJECTED ADDRESSES.

"Ill luck confound it," cried Bob, the boot-

maker. "A ragamuffin's blessing take your New Years," says Will Watt, the baker's boy; and "a cabbage leaf physic ye," exclaims Button, the taylor, "these printer's devils have always the start of us!" "Aye," cries Ranty, the butcher, "and the watchmen too. Greasy fingers take them all, say I!" "Well never mind it now, its too late to cry for spit milk," says Milky, (that's Johnny the cow-boy, that one sees so early of a cold frosty morning, skipping along with his nice copper-bound milk pail, he's a right chap for the "cream") "I'll warrant ye," "Never mind," says he (that's Johnny) "we'll take care for the future." "Aye," cries Bob, (that's Bob the booter) "I'll swallow my lapstone if they catch me asleep again." "Bravo," echoed the company—that is Will Watt, Button, Bob cow-boy, and Ranty, one and all remember "wide awake" is the watchword. "And now," says Button (that's Button the taylor) "I have a notion that will afford you some consolation—We've been disappointed in this business, and now I say let's publish, that's all, let's publish." "Good," cries Bob (don't forget that's Bob the booter) "hammer my upper leather but I like the notion; all of this mind say so, that's all; and they all said so every mother's son of them, and so the notion was carried. And now, Mr. Printer, if you choose to publish, why you can do so, that's all; except, Sir, that we will say we owe it to our patrons, to our credit, and, Sir, to our feelings, (Johnny, that's the cow-boy, says as how that caps the climax) to have our rejected address exhibited to the public, that they may see we are up to a thing or two, as well as our more fortunate worthies (meaning the above alluded to gentlemen).

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS OF THE COBBLER'S BOYS, To their Patrons.—January 1824.

Patrons! our muse obedient still, Her unaccustomed 'd part to fill, Attempts to greet the coming year, And wish you all right merry cheer.

The roaring blast around us whistles, The streets with snow are wishy washy, And well we know our wax and bristles, Protect your feet when walks are splashy.

We know, you know, that without we, Your feet would freeze in winter weather, And therefore you should thankful be, And we together,

Who deal in leather, And live amid the tread and pegs, Whose owl is last, For you at last,

To guard from cold your booted legs, Should by no means be treated harsh, But rather comforted with cash. Hoping that you will this remember, About the last of next December,

We wish you, whether boots or pumps, Besides good cheer

And a merry year, A cobbler's blessing on your stumps.

And so we were going on, copying all the others; but an idea pop'd (comically enough too) into Watty's noddle about the cobbler's address.

Says he (that's Watty) says he, "it looks rough."

"Aye," exclaims Ranty, (the butcher you know) says he, "it wants a polish, it wants as one should say a little greasing."

"True," says Watty (that's what I mean, it's too short, it's like pye-crust. He shouldn't say a word about the cash, it's too personal."

"Aye," says Button, (that's Button the taylor), "it should only be hinted, the thing should be managed genteelly, or we shall give offence."

So it was agreed among the company not to publish any more till revised and polished, for fear of offending.—So, Mr. Printer, if you think fit to print this, seeing as how its already written off, you can do it, that's all.—By order of the committee.

COLLECTANEA.

THE PRINTER.

He whose business it is—or, if you would rather have it so—he who makes it his business to try to please every body, is sure to please nobody.—This is precisely the case with the Printer. Poor devil! he is forever torturing his brains and ransacking his knowledge box, for novel notions wherewith to amuse his readers; he is always looking over his files of papers for the latest news, the most interesting occurrences, and the choicest pieces of sentiment—but after all he is rewarded with nothing but censure. Each one thinks the paper should be printed exclusively to suit himself.—The politician looks for bitter invective—and the sedate reader abhors it. The exquisite looks for poetry and pretty pieces of sentiment—and the man of business loathes such trash—and so it goes. No one is satisfied: there is either too much of one thing, or not enough of another; and the Printer must bare all the blame. If he chance to complain or apologize it is all the same; and he is loaded with a new burthen of abuse—from one for publishing this article, and from another for publishing that.—To enumerate all the ills which the typographical fraternity are heirs to would be an endless task.

THE WEST INDIAN FEMALES.

The white females of the West Indies are generally rather of a more slender form than the European women. The complexion, which they are peculiarly careful to preserve, is either a pure white or brunette, with but little or none of the bloom of the rose, which to a stranger, has rather a sickly appearance at first, though that impression gradually wears off. Their features are sweet and regular; their eyes rather expressive than sparkling; their voices soft and pleasing; and their whole air and looks tender, gentle, and feminine. With the appearance of languor and indolence, they are active and animated on occasions, particularly when dancing—an amusement of which they are peculiarly fond, and in which they display a natural ease, gracefulness and agility, which surprise and delight a stranger. They are fond of music, and there are few who have not an





